

*Folk Tales from China*

*First Series*

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## *Stories About Nasrdin Avanti*

*(From the Uighur People)*

### *I'm Wrong*

One night, Avanti was passing by a graveyard. Some horsemen galloping in the same direction made him suspicious that they might not be up to anything good. So he lowered himself into a freshly dug grave and hid there. But the horsemen had seen him slip down and were wondering in turn what he was up to. So they came up and shouted at him: "Who are you?"

Avanti put his head out of the grave and answered them:

"Oh, I'm one of the dead men buried in this graveyard."

"And what does a dead man want to be up for at this time of night?"

"Just to get some fresh air."

“Does a dead man need fresh air too?”

“Ah yes, yes. . . . You’re right, and I’m wrong!”

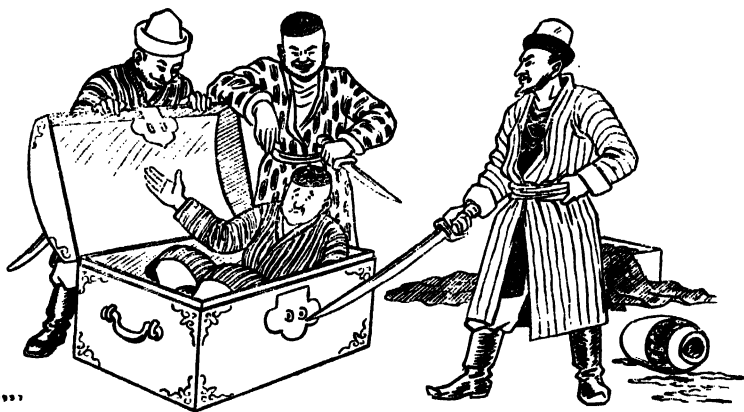
So saying, Avanti crept back into the grave again.

### *Hiding from the Thief*

One day a thief broke into Avanti’s house. Avanti saw him and hid in a chest.

The thief ransacked the house without finding anything worth taking. In the end he opened the chest and saw Avanti. “Aha!” he said, “and what are you doing inside the chest?”

“I was ashamed that there was nothing in my house that would appeal to your taste. That’s why I hid here,” Avanti confessed.



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## *Avanti Moves House*

One night several thieves broke into Avanti's home. Hurriedly they packed up his furniture and belongings and made off.

They were barely half-way across the yard when Avanti followed close at their heels carrying some small articles in his hands.

"Hello Avanti, where are you going so late at night?" one of the thieves saw him and queried.

"Well," said Avanti, "I've been wanting to move for a long time but I couldn't afford a cart for my things. It's very kind of you to help me."

## *A Bargain Made Even*

One day Avanti went to the market to buy himself a pair of trousers. Having settled the bargain, he was just about to pay for them when he changed his mind. "After all, this pair of trousers I'm wearing isn't quite finished yet," he muttered to himself. Then he turned to the shopkeeper and said: "Better exchange these for a shirt, please!"

The shopkeeper saw nothing wrong in this request and handed him a shirt. Avanti snatched it from the man and walked off without paying for it. The shop-

keeper sprang to his feet shouting: "Why aren't you paying for what you bought?"

"Haven't I given you the trousers whose price we had already settled?" retorted Avanti.

### *Selling a Cow*

Avanti's wife wanted to sell their cow, which was bad-tempered and barren, so Avanti took the animal to market.

Customers came and looked at the cow, but all walked away without buying her, because Avanti kept saying: "You may not be able to get any milk from this cow, but she's quite capable of horning you!" Why should anybody have wanted to buy the cow after such a recommendation?

A cattle-dealer who had listened for a while was greatly amused by Avanti's naivety and said to him: "You'd better let me sell this cow for you."

"You are very kind," Avanti said. "May you prosper! Take charge of her then." With this, Avanti handed him the rope by which he held the cow.

As soon as the cattle-dealer had taken over, he began his spiel.

"Look at this cow — how gentle she is! And not only that — she'll give you fifteen bowls of milk every day. You won't be sorry to have bought her!"

At that, Avanti took the cow's rope out of the cattle-dealer's hand again and said: "If she is gentler than a lamb and gives fifteen bowls of milk every day, why should I sell her?"

### *Ask the Cow Herself*

Having bought a cow in the market, Avanti made his way home. "What a nice cow, Avanti!" said the passers-by. "How much did she cost you?" He was getting very annoyed by having to repeat the same answer over and over again. Finally, when another two men asked him the same question, he pointed at the cow and said: "Kind gentlemen, why should you all bother me so? If you want to know, why don't you ask the cow herself?"

### *Jump into the Water!*

One day in winter Avanti set out for a journey, taking his donkey loaded with firewood along. He was freezing, and thinking of the donkey he said to himself: "The donkey must be freezing too in this weather. I'd better light the firewood on his back, then he'll get warmed up." No sooner said than done. The dry wood flared up at once. Frightened, the



donkey galloped away as fast as his legs could carry him. Avanti ran after the animal, shouting: "If you're smart enough, jump into the water!"

### *His Tail Is in the Bag*

Avanti was going to market with a donkey for sale. On the way, the donkey's tail got so dirty that Avanti thought to himself: "Quite possibly his dirty tail will displease the customers. That won't do!" So he cut off the donkey's tail and kept it in his saddle-bag.

At the market, a man came and cast a glance at the donkey. "A nice donkey," he said, "but what a pity he has no tail!"

"If you've taken a fancy to this donkey," Avanti said, "tell me how much you'd like to pay for him. His tail is in the bag here!"

### *The Moon*

Someone asked Avanti: "What becomes of the old moon every time a new moon comes up?"

Avanti replied: "When the crescent moon comes up, Allah cuts the old moon into little pieces and makes stars of them."

## *The Sun or the Moon?*

Nasrdin Avanti was asked by a friend: "Which is better, the moon or the sun?"

"The moon, of course," said Avanti.

"Why do you think so?" asked the friend.

"Look," replied Avanti, "the sun comes out during the daytime, but it really makes no difference, anyway, since it's always bright then. However if it were not for the moon, it would be pitch dark all round at night."

## *Fish Will Climb a Tree*

Avanti was asked: "If water is set on fire, what'll happen to all the fish in it?"

"They'll climb up a tree, of course!"

## *In All Directions*

One day Avanti's friends asked him: "Why do people go hither and thither in all directions as soon as it dawns?"

"Aiya, isn't it a pity to see how foolish you are!" was Avanti's rejoinder. "Isn't it quite clear? If all the people go in the same direction, won't the earth list on that side and turn over?"

## *Write for Me*

One of Avanti's friends came to him saying: "I have a brother living in the capital. Would you mind writing him a letter for me?"

"But I don't think I have time to go to the city!" said Avanti.

"I'm not asking you to go to the city," the friend explained. "I only asked if you wouldn't be kind enough to write him a letter."

"I understood you perfectly the first time," Avanti replied. "But nobody can decipher my handwriting except myself. So if I'm not there to read it to him, it's no use writing. That's why I say I am not going to the capital."

## *It's No Good to Be Inside*

Someone asked Avanti: "When you attend a funeral, is it better to walk ahead of the coffin or behind it?"

Avanti looked hard at the questioner before he answered: "Either will do, as long as you aren't inside it!"

## *The Only Remedy*

A neighbour intended to make fun of Avanti and told him: "Last night, a mouse crept into my stomach while I was sleeping. What shall I do?"

"What you must do at once is to find yourself a live cat and swallow it. That's the only remedy for you," was Avanti's immediate rejoinder.



## *Expiation*

Once, Avanti found a stray sheep. He took it home, killed it and ate it. A friend heard of this and asked him:

“What will you say to our Lord about this sin when you’re called before Him on Judgement Day?”

“I shall say that I haven’t eaten the sheep.”

“But that won’t do. What if the sheep appears to give witness?”

“If the sheep appears? That’ll be just fine! I’ll take it back to its owner and settle the whole business.”

## *At the Barber’s*

Avanti went to a barber’s to have his head shaved.

The inexperienced barber cut him in several places which he dressed with cotton-wool. Standing up after the ordeal and looking at himself in the mirror, Avanti exclaimed:

“What a gifted pair of hands you have! Now that you’ve planted cotton on one half of my head, I can go home and plant linseed on the other.” So saying, he went away.

## *Wife and Pancake*

Avanti and his wife sat on the floor chatting. Feeling hungry, Avanti asked her: "Don't you have any pancakes around?"

"Can't you be satisfied with sitting here and looking at your beautiful wife?"

"Of course, I can," said Avanti. "But if I could have a pancake to eat while looking at your beautiful face, that would be even better!"

## *Path Along the Tree-tops*

One day a bunch of naughty children wanted to make fun of Avanti and said to him: "There are birds' eggs on that tree, Avanti. Won't you get them for us, please? We can't climb up."

Not to disappoint the children, Avanti was ready to climb the tree. But knowing that the mischievous youngsters would make off with his boots if he left them on the ground, he tied them to his waist-band before he started the climb.

"We'll take care of your boots for you, Avanti!" the children said.

"No, thank you!" was the reply. "I'm a busy man. And as soon as I've got the eggs for you, I'll make my way home along the tree-tops."

## *Baggage of Two Asses*

King Tomur and his favourite courtier went hunting and took Avanti along. On the way, when Tomur and the courtier began to feel hot, they took off their coats and let Avanti carry them on his back. When Tomur saw that Avanti was sweating like anything, he mocked at him.

“Avanti, you’re carrying as much baggage as an ass!”

But Avanti was quick with the retort: “No, my lord, I’m carrying the baggage of two asses.” •

## *The Thirsty Pouch*

One day Avanti attended a wedding. One of the guests not only ate a lot of the sweetmeats of-



ferred, but stuffed his pouch with them. When Avanti saw what he was doing, he picked up a tea pot and quietly, from behind, poured some tea into the guest's pouch. When the guest discovered what Avanti had done, he was not at all abashed but reproached Avanti.

“What's my pouch got to do with you that you come and pour tea into it?”

“I meant no harm,” was Avanti's defence. “When I saw how many sweets your pouch had tucked away, I was afraid it would get thirsty. That's why I gave it a drink.”

### *What Does the Owl Say?*

Avanti bragged about himself saying: “I understand the language of the birds.”

The king heard about this and took him along on a hunt. On their way they saw a wall in ruins and an owl hooting above it. So the king asked Avanti: “What does the owl say?”

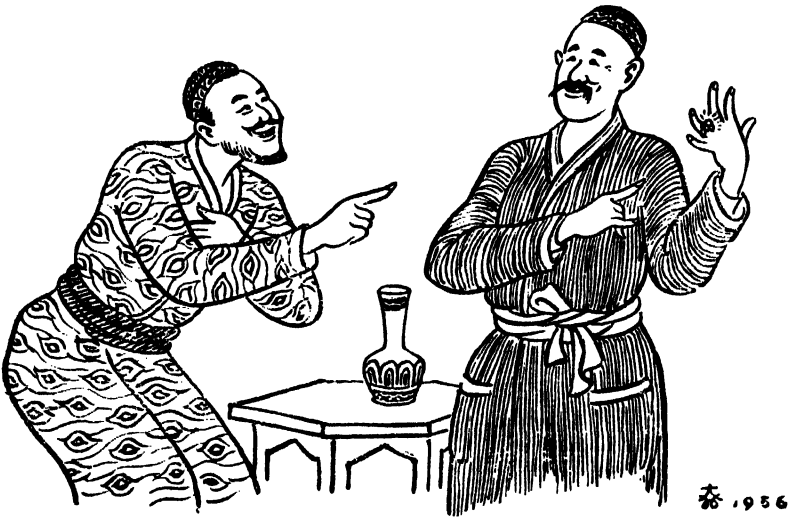
“Well,” Avanti answered, “it says that if the king keeps on riding roughshod over the people, his kingdom will soon crumble just like its nest did.”



## *The Ring*

One of Avanti's friends, a business man, came to say goodbye to him before setting out for a long journey. He saw Avanti wearing a golden ring and schemed to get it.

"Avanti," said the friend. "I can't live in peace if I don't see you for a long time. I'll be missing you so much when I am away! Why don't you let me have your ring for the sake of our friendship? Whenever I look at it, I'll then feel like seeing you in the flesh and this'll be a great comfort to me."



But the ring was the only valuable thing Avanti had ever had in his life and he would not give it away.

So he replied: "I'm deeply grateful for your kind sentiments. But I too cannot live in peace, if I have to miss you for a long time. Be merciful and let me keep the ring! Whenever I look at it, I'll remember how my friend asked me for it, but I didn't give it to him, and so it'll constantly remind me of you."

### *The Guest and Honey*

Once Avanti was a guest at a friend's place and was treated to cheese, pancakes and honey. Avanti stuffed himself with all the pancakes and the cheese. Then he started on the honey, although there were no pancakes left to eat with it. At that, his host admonished him: "You can't eat honey without pancakes! It'll upset you!"

Having swallowed the last drop of honey, Avanti merely said:

"Only God knows who will be upset in the end. May He pour His blessings over you...." And without another word, he was off.

## *Good Advice*

One day Avanti thought of earning some money. So he took a length of rope, about twenty or thirty feet, and went to the market-place. Just as he got there and stopped among a group of porters, a man came up and said:

“I’ve a crate full of bowls and cups here. Whoever carries it home for me shall get three pieces of good advice as his pay.”

Hearing this, all the porters ignored him. Avanti, however, bethought himself: “A thing like money can be obtained at any time, but good advice is difficult to get. I’d better hear what advice he has to give, in order to learn something.” So he agreed to carry the crate for the man.

As they were walking along, Avanti said to the owner of the crate: “How about telling me now what good advice you have to give?”

The owner of the crate said: “Don’t believe anybody who tells you that it is better to go hungry than to eat your fill.”

“That’s very good advice!” Avanti agreed.

They walked on for a little while, then Avanti said: “Well, let’s have the second piece of advice now.”

“Don’t believe anybody who tells you that it is better to go on foot than to ride on horseback.”

“Aiya! That really is excellent advice!” Avanti exclaimed.

After they had gone on for some distance, Avanti demanded to hear the third piece of advice.

“Don’t believe anyone who tells you that there are porters even more foolish than you,” the man said. But hardly had he finished when Avanti suddenly let go of the rope in his hand and said:

“And don’t you believe anyone, either, who tells you that the bowls and cups in this crate aren’t broken!”



## *Difficult Questions*

Three tradesmen once came to a certain kingdom and were entertained by the king in his palace. After a few days' stay, they said that each of them had a difficult question to ask of the king. The king listened with great attention to their questions, but not one of them could he answer. He summoned his counsellors, orators and magicians, but they were of no help either.

Ashamed and annoyed, the king grumbled: "Isn't there a single wise man in my kingdom to answer the questions of our guests?"

Thereupon one man stood up and said: "There is no one who can answer their questions except Avanti. If it pleases Your Majesty, I suggest that he be summoned."

The king immediately issued a summons for Avanti. Stick in hand, Avanti rode straight up to the king on his donkey and dismounted.

"How do you do, Your Majesty! What can I do for you?"

"Answer the questions our guests put forth!" said the king. Avanti readily lent his ear to the questions.

One of the guests asked: "The earth has a navel. Where is it?"

Without hesitation, Avanti pointed with his stick: "Right there, on the piece of ground under my donkey's right front leg."

"How do you know it's right there?" The guest's manner changed with his amazement over the prompt reply.

"If you don't believe me, go and measure it for yourself! If it's even a hair's breadth out of place, you can come back to ask me again!" was Avanti's reply. The guest had nothing more to say, so he stepped quietly aside.

Avanti then asked the second guest to come forth with his question, which was: "How many stars are there in the sky?"

"Count the hairs on my donkey's back and you'll know how many stars there are in the sky," Avanti answered.

"How can you prove that?" the guest asked, trying to confound him.

"If you don't believe me, you can go and count the hairs of my donkey one by one. If there's one hair more or one hair less, come and ask again!"

"How can you possibly count the hairs on your donkey's back?"

"Now you are smartening up a bit!" Avanti said. "How can you possibly know how many stars there are in the sky!"

At this, the second guest also lapsed into silence. Avanti waited for the third guest to ask his question.

“You see the beard I have — tell me the number of hairs in it!”

“If you tell me how many hairs there are in my donkey’s tail, I’ll tell you how many hairs there are in your beard!” Avanti replied. Thus, the third guest also had to give up and admit defeat.

### *The Price of a Fowl*

There was a porter who one day had fowl for dinner at an inn. When he asked for the bill, the innkeeper said: “If you are short of money now, you can pay me later. I’ll write it up for you.” Overjoyed, the porter thought this was the first time that he had met such a kind-hearted man. So he thanked him and departed.

After some time, the porter came to clear his debt. The innkeeper began figuring out the sum by putting one copper coin after another on the table, as if it were a complicated problem. Impatiently the porter asked: “How much was that hen of yours, after all? Surely you can tell me! Why do you make such a fuss about it?” The restaurant owner waved his hand as a sign that he did not want to be disturbed in

his calculation. Since there was nothing else to do, the porter sat down waiting.

At long last the innkeeper had made out the account — the porter learned to his shock that he was supposed to pay for the fowl a sum several hundred times higher than the ordinary market price! He asked: “How can a single hen cost so much?” “Why not?” retorted the innkeeper. “Figure it out for yourself! If you hadn’t eaten up that hen, how many eggs couldn’t she have laid? And the eggs would have become laying hens again and they would have grown up to lay eggs. . . .” So grumbling, the innkeeper again put a great number of coppers on the table and said to the porter: “Look, that’s the price — not one copper less!” The porter could not stand this any longer. “You aren’t doing business, you’re swindling people!” he shouted. “I won’t give you the money!”

When the innkeeper saw that the porter would not yield, he condescended: “Let’s go to the mosque then, to get the matter settled!” Sure of his right, the porter declared: “If you are in the right you can go round the whole world; if you’re in the wrong, you can’t move an inch. Even if you go to Allah, not to say to the mosque, you still have to speak within reason!” Pulling and dragging at each other, they came to the mosque.



The Imam of the mosque not only had charge of religious affairs; he was also the authority in legal matters and his word was law to the Moslems of his community. When the innkeeper and the porter came in, he was sitting on his carpet chewing tobacco. His side-whiskers looked like pieces of felt sticking to his cheeks. Since he chewed tobacco all day long, people said of him mockingly that his whiskers were so strong because the tobacco acted as fertilizer. Casting a sidelong glance at the two men, he asked in a slow, harsh voice what the matter was.

The innkeeper first gave his version and the Imam thought it quite reasonable. So he pronounced judgement even before he let the porter speak, merely telling him to pay the amount demanded by his creditor. The porter realized that arguing would be of no use; he only asked to be allowed to pay up a few days later. To that the Imam agreed.

Full of his grievance, the porter dragged himself home. Suddenly he heard a voice singing and a man riding a donkey was coming towards him. When the man came near, he put his right hand to his chest, made a respectful bow and said: "Brother porter, how are you?" The sight of this carefree fellow annoyed the sorrow-laden porter even more. His only response was "humph" before he hurried on. The donkey-rider was taken aback. He im-

mediately turned his donkey round and caught up with the porter. "Brother porter, why are you in such a hurry?" he inquired. "What makes you feel so blue? Can't I be of any help to you?"

The porter stopped short and asked curiously: "Who are you?" "I am Nasrdin Avanti," the man on the donkey replied. At that, the porter was beside himself with joy. "Oh, so you are the famous Nasrdin!" Like everybody else, the porter had heard about Nasrdin, the man who went from place to place speaking up for the poor. In this case, too, Nasrdin was the man straightforward and sincere that people knew him to be.

The porter poured out all the details of what had happened. After a while, Nasrdin said: "Go right back to the mosque and say the judgement is not fair! Ask the Imam to hold a public trial. I'll take your case, don't worry!" The porter returned to the mosque at once. The Imam could not but consent, as it was a common practice that anyone could ask for a public trial. But if the accused were to lose again, he would receive double punishment.

On the day of the public trial the jury came to the mosque amid crowds of people. After the Imam had declared the court open, the innkeeper again gave his side of the story. But when it was the porter's turn to speak, he kept silent. "Why don't

you speak up?" asked the Imam. "My lawyer hasn't come yet," replied the porter. Then the Imam queried: "Who is your lawyer?" "Nasrdin," was the answer. On hearing this, the Imam and the jury were rather perplexed, but the people were very glad. They chatted in low tones among themselves, looking forward to some fun.

Nasrdin arrived only after a long while. Having saluted the people, he apologized to the Imam and the jury: "Excuse me for being late, but I had some important business to attend to." Trying to find fault with him, one of the jurymen asked: "Can there be anything more important than the case on hand?" "Yes indeed, there is!" said Avanti. "Just think of it for a moment. I'm going to sow wheat tomorrow, but the wheat seeds weren't roasted yet. Could there be anything more urgent than that? The reason why I'm late is that I had to roast three bushels of wheat seeds before I could come here."

The Imam and the jury were very pleased to hear such foolish talk and yelled, almost in unison: "That's all nonsense! Can roasted wheat seeds grow?" They shouted in order to get rid of Avanti as the lawyer, so that they could handle the case as they pleased. The people watching began to worry that Avanti might really be disqualified, if he did not

answer properly. But Avanti spoke up with complete ease after the noise had died down: "You are quite right — wheat seeds that are roasted cannot grow. Then I want to ask you: how can a fowl lay eggs after it's been eaten?" The Imam and the jury were dumbfounded and realized that Avanti had meant to trap them by being late and saying silly things. The people were overjoyed and shouted: "That's right, how can a fowl lay eggs after it's been eaten?" Thus questioned by the people, the Imam and the jurymen had to cancel the earlier verdict and let the porter pay for the fowl he had eaten according to the market price. And thus the case was closed.

### *The Pot Bears a Son*

Once Nasrdin Avanti borrowed a big iron pot from a rich man who was known to be very stingy. The neighbours even wondered why he should be so kind to Avanti. In fact he was not a bit kind — he let Avanti borrow his pot as if he were making him a loan.

After some time, Avanti came to the rich man and addressed him cheerfully: "Congratulations to you! Congratulations to you!"

"What for?" asked his creditor.

“Your big pot has given birth to a son,” declared Avanti. “Isn’t this a piece of good news?”

“Nonsense!” retorted the stingy man. “How can a pot give birth to a son?”

“If you don’t believe me,” replied Avanti, “just look — what’s this?”

And Nasrdin untied a woollen cloth and brought out a small iron pot. No matter how serious Nasrdin looked, the rich man would not believe him. But then he thought to himself: “If Avanti is such a fool, it would be silly of me not to take advantage of him.” So he acted out his delight at his pot having



had a son, and loudly echoed Nasrdin's admiration of this splendid occasion.

As Nasrdin carefully put the small iron pot into his creditor's hand, he said once more: "What a handsome son!" "Yes, yes," responded the rich man, "the little fellow really looks quite a bit like his mother." He looked at the pot again and again, sighed with admiration and then put it away. When Nasrdin took leave, the rich man said to him: "Take good care of my big iron pot from now on, may it have more sons like this one!"

After some time Nasrdin paid another visit to the rich man and said mournfully: "I've come to express my condolences to you!"

"What's happened?" the man asked in surprise.

"Your big pot is dead," said Nasrdin.

"Nonsense!" shouted the rich man. "How can a pot die?"

Then Nasrdin spoke up: "If the big pot can give birth to a son, why can't it die?"

All of a sudden, it dawned upon the rich man that it was he, after all, who had been fooled, that Nasrdin had played this trick on him very cleverly. Naturally he did not feel like letting Nasrdin have the big pot just like that, so he said: "Well, since my big pot is dead, would you be kind enough to send its corpse back to me?"

“I’ve already buried it,” said Nasrdin.

“Where did you bury it?” the rich man demanded to know.

“In the blacksmith’s forge,” was the answer.

The money-lender could no longer contain his anger. “You swindler!” he shouted at Nasrdin. “You just want to rob me of my big pot!”

“It was you who robbed me of my small pot first . . .” said Nasrdin.

This started a quarrel, but in the end the rich man was ready for a compromise, for fear of arousing his neighbours and ruining his reputation. If Nasrdin would say nothing of the small pot, the big pot would be given to him. But unexpectedly Nasrdin refused this offer and kept on making a fuss until a big crowd of people had collected around them. Then, with a disdainful flip of his sleeves, he drew away. His purpose — to expose the money-lender’s stinginess to public ridicule — had been achieved.

### *Buying Oil*

Everybody thought of Nasrdin as the most brilliant man in the world, but his wife insisted he was a fool. One day, the neighbours took this matter

up with her. "You always say that he is a fool. Tell us, then, what foolish things has he done?"

"There are too many," she said. "I'll give you just one example to convince you."

"If you really can," the neighbours said, "we shall admit you're right."

"I'm sure you'll share my opinion when I'm through," the wife said.

Then she told them of something that had happened only a few days earlier.

"Nasrdin had come back from a long journey. When he stepped into the house, I gave him a dressing down for being such a chattering magpie and staying away all that time. As you all know, Nasrdin is like a tiger in the presence of wealthy people, but with me he behaves like a timid sheep. Despite my reproaches, he made me a low bow and asked for Heaven's blessings, as if I were a stranger. Then he smiled at me: 'My beloved little skylark, aren't I back now?' All my anger vanished at that. Like a real skylark, I flew into his open arms. I closed my eyes and thought to myself: 'How lucky I am that Allah bestowed such a good husband upon me!' But in a short while he once again made me angry. He bethought himself of a business deal somebody had entrusted to him and became so engrossed that he murmured to himself about it and never heard



a word of what I said. I knew this as a bad omen — he would soon fly off again. So I thrust a bowl and a string of cash into his hand and told him to go and buy some oil, since there was not a drop left. I just wanted to distract him, so as to keep him from going away again. But all the way to the oil-shop he was thinking about that business deal and he didn't even notice it when the shopkeeper poured oil into the bowl in his hands. Soon the bowl was filled to overflowing. The owner of the oil-shop asked him: 'Where shall I put the rest of the oil?' Since my husband had no other vessel with him, he turned the bowl in his hand upside down and said: 'Just pour it here!' and pointed at the small space formed by the rim at the bottom. The people round the store roared with laughter as the oil spilled all over the ground. Still absent-minded, Nasrdin kept pointing and muttering: 'Pour it, pour it!' The shopkeeper did as he was told. When Nasrdin came home with such a small quantity of oil, I asked him in amazement: 'How could these few drops cost all the money I gave you?' His reply was: 'There's more on the other side.' So saying, he turned the bowl over once again, and spilled the last bit of oil on the ground. . . ."

The neighbours split their sides with laughter till the tears came. Nasrdin's wife felt this was the

right moment: "Now you see for yourselves — can there be anybody quite so foolish in the whole world?"

But even when they did not laugh any more, the neighbours did not agree with her. They felt that Nasrdin had an excuse: "You can't say he acted foolishly in that case. He was only preoccupied with the matter someone else had entrusted to him. Why didn't you ask your husband what was on his mind? The way you told this story, we cannot see that you were in the right and he in the wrong."

Nasrdin's wife did not argue any more. After all, she knew better than anybody else whether her husband was a fool or not. Although she often called him a wild magpie and other names, she was always happy whenever she heard people speak highly of him.

*Translated by Chang Su-chu*  
*Illustrations by Chang Ta-yu*